

Blood Don't Flow Streamlined

Vulture Industries

I shook the devils left hand,
Felt his breath down my back.
Gazed upon the dying gardens of Eden,
Turned and took my own path.
Have you never wondered whether your morality,
Is a product of the past?
A defunct and long outdated ancient artifact,
Folly clings to the past.
Man's deception is vast.

I bear no demons with pride,
Though their existence I acknowledge,
We are all bastard sons of gods and devils,
Glorious and vile.
I bear no demons with pride,
Though I acknowledge them as mine

I've felt the price of containment,
Paid what's due for my lies.
Cursed both God, self, and devil,
Stared through strained, bloodshot eyes
Have you never wondered whether your morality,
Is a product of the past?
A defunct and long outdated ancient artifact,
Long the shadows you cast.
Folly clings to the past,
Man's deception is vast.

I am a sinner and a saint,
Both gods and devils will attend my wake.
Am I a beast? Am I impure?
Tell me mother, how much must I endure?

I bear no demons with pride,
But their existence I acknowledge,
We are all bastard sons of gods and devils,
Glorious and vile.
I bear no demons with pride,
Though I acknowledge them as mine

If in blood flows the essence of mankind,
Then blood, don't flow streamlined.